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THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

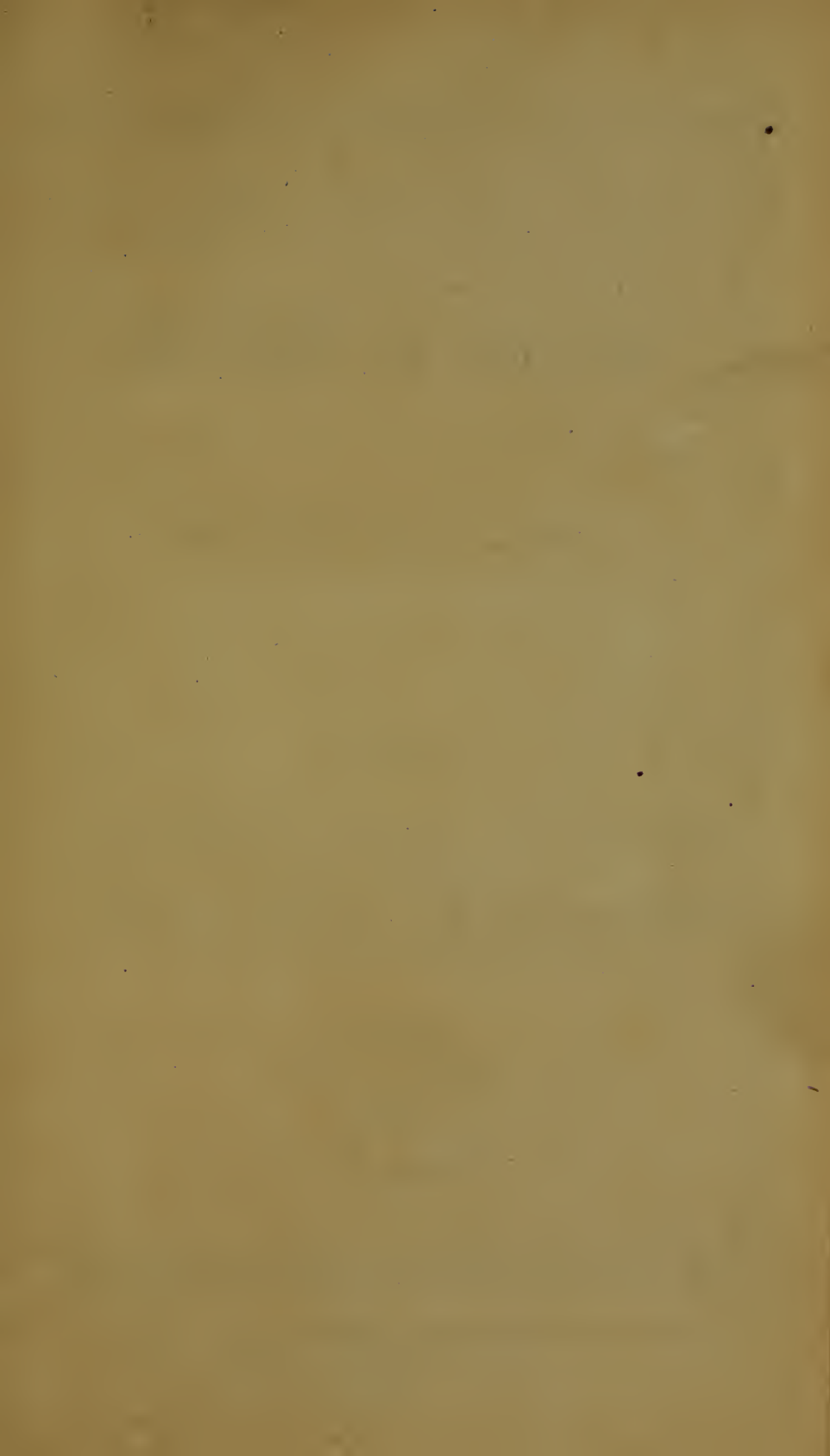
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THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

BY

HARRIET MALLARD.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

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THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

CHAPTER I.

SCRIPTURAL TESTIMONY.

They asked us where was heaven—

Where we had hoped ere long
Our freedom would be given

To join the blissful throng—
Asked what and where was heaven,
With its many mansions bright,
Which we had trustful striven
By faith to hold in sight?

They asked if e'er heaven's portals

Had lent the faintest view,
And when the gaze of mortals
Had pierced the curtains through
That hid and would forever
That wondrous world so bland?
And the skeptic told us never
Should we behold that land.

Then we said to the graceless scoffer,

Beware! no longer spurn
Of life divine the offer.

O turn (and thou may'st learn)
To the word revealed, most holy—
To that lamp of saving light!
For all in heart that's lowly
There's eye-salve for the sight.

The scales that long hath hidden
Truth's melting rays from thee,
By grace shall then be bidden
To fall, and thou wilt see.
Within thy heart—thy spirit—
Heaven it will be revealed,
And hope—blest hope—inherit
What to thy soul is sealed.

Belief with rapture dwelleth
On each illumined line
Inspired—the way that telleth
Where truthful search may find
The Christ, the Lord's anointed ;
Of Him they testify,
The Lamb of God appointed,
That brings salvation nigh.

Ask such of heaven who bendeth
The cross to take—to bear—
And ever upward sendeth
With single heart the prayer—
Ask such ; they will be telling,
'Mid all this scene of strife,
Within their breast there's welling
A spring of heaven—of life.

Enough to know of heaven
'Tis the high and holy place
Where the Universal Architect
He vaileth not his face—
The Lord our God and Father,
Whose name as *Love* is known—
To know we're bidden welcome
To see his mighty throne.

O mystery—deep, deep mystery—
What destiny is thine !
Poor weak, frail, fallen sinner
(Alone by grace divine),
If but to own the scepter
Of Jesus thou hast kneeled,
Thy passport to all blessedness
By heaven's own hand is sealed.

All, all that through eternity's
Uncomprehensive round
The love of vast infinitude
Shall give for to abound—
God, heaven and saints and angels,
Thy ministers to be—
May faith, that gift of mercy,
Be now vouchsafed to thee.

The Exile of Patmos,
A stranger and lone,
That hatred for Jesus
Had banished—had driven—
Had visions of God,
Of his kingdom, his throne,
And in spirit was called
To the presence of heaven.

He heard the new song
Of redemption there swelling,
The glorified Saviour
To praise and adore,
By thousands of thousands
Of voices loud telling
That blessing and honor
Are his evermore.

When Stephen, proto-martyr,
He was about to die,
Within the vail of heaven
Was fixed his mortal eye ;
With more than earthly splendor
His saintly face it shone,
While he steadfast gazed on Jesus
Exalted to the throne.

When the expiring criminal
To be remembered cried,
The Saviour all compassionate
Most graciously replied :
“To-day with me in heaven—
Yes, verily, with me,
Thou now repentant spirit
In Paradise shall be.”

An exceeding weight of glory
Awaiteth all the just,
The humble, pure and penitent,
Though weak in faith and trust ;
The faintest prayer that struggles—
That abba father cries—
It findeth there acceptance
Within the listening skies.

Where God—the great eternal—
Hath set his name—his throne—
Within the highest heaven,
Such names are all unknown
As sorrow, sin and evil,
And death and grief and pain,
For there a healthful river
O'erflows entire the plain.

That river, crystal river,
Of life, of bliss, is known
For evermore proceeding
From the eternal throne ;
And they'll thirst not there forever,
For the fount shall never dry ;
And love divine permitteth
Not there one tearful eye.

There's rest there for the weary
And they hunger there no more ;
For a tree with fruits celestial
Grows on the blissful shore,
There by the living water
Of life's o'erflowing flood ;
And want and care and sorrow
Its banks have never trod.

The garments of salvation
Enrobe the ransomed throng,
While harps of gold, of triumph,
Thrill with unceasing song ;
They weary, no, not ever,
With heaven's ecstatic lays—
With evergrowing wonder
They sing the Saviour's praise.

In Heaven, a noble company
Of Martyrs they adore
The Lord, the great Redeemer,
And cast their crowns before
The throne ; while alleluiahs,
In loud unwavering strains,
Give honor, thanks and glory
To him who lives and reigns.

Night cometh not to curtain
The beatific place ;
The light of life eternal
Beams from the loving face
Of Jesus, now the glorified,
Once crucified and slain ;
His smile illumeth heaven
The vast unmeasured plain.

One joy was new in heaven,
When sighs repentant first
From wounded hearts and broken
They humbly contrite burst ;
Angels for higher rapture
They tune anew their lyres
If but one sorrowing sinner
For the upward path inquires.

No storm-cloud ever gathers
In these pellucid skies ;
No mists or sickly vapors
Are ever there to rise ;
The denizens of heaven,
They find its atmosphere,
For the ransomed souls inhaling,
Divinely pure and clear.

In heaven's most blessed bower
Sweet Mercy had her birth
When sin with deadly foot-steps
Profaned this Eden Earth ;
There Love, her smiling sister,
She clasped her gentle hand,
And saw her banner waving
On this polluted strand.

They're garnered safe in heaven—
The treasures which the saint,
The poor way-faring pilgrim,
The sad, the weak, the faint,
Have there laid up in deference
To the most holy word,—
He hath them all in keeping—
Their Father, King and Lord.

Angels they come to minister
To every trustful heir
Of faith and of salvation ;
To guard with kindly care
His walks, his homeward journey
All through the thorny ground,
Until the New Jerusalem
Its golden gates are found.

CHAPTER II.

OUR ADVOCATE WITH THE FATHER.

Our great High Priest and Advocate
He entered heaven to plead,
Present with God the Father
He lives to intercede ;
His heart of tend'rest sympathy
Is touched for mortal grief,
And his boundless store is open
When faith she asks relief.

Here known a man of sorrow,
The holy son of God
The path of sore temptation
His sacred feet they trod.
Cold mountain damps at evening
They witnessed to his prayer,
And night her lengthy watches
They found him kneeling there.

His eyes of loving-kindness
In tend'rest pity wept,
He soothed the stricken mourners
Where a blighted brother slept.
There are no tears in heaven
Where now he reigns in power,
But he sees and heeds the anguish
Of our most darksome hour.

In heaven's melodious orchestra
A song unique was given,
In strains of love, of harmony,
To greet the new arriven,
When martyred righteous Abel,
Victim of hate and strife,
Through him he early typefied
He entered into life.

The Lamb from the foundation
For sin atonement slain,
His sacrificial tokens
Were never brought in vain;
And when before the altar
Where flowed the typic stream,
The watchful, prayerful, faithful,
Found saving light to beam ;

Justice divine and mercy
Beheld the sacred rock .
Where first the heaven attracted
The firstling of his flock,
Laid with the heart, the spirit—
Most welcome to the sight
Of Him whose fire descended
The pile to claim—to light.

The righteous of all ages
They congregate in heaven ;
Prophets and kings and captives,
The poor, the anguish-riven,
The honored and the lowly,
The bondman and the free—
They feast upon the fruitage
Of life's immortal tree.

They'll go no more forever
Out from the heavenly rest ;
With God's immortal fullness
They're filled and saved and blest.
From glory unto glory
Is now their only change,
And the blissful fields of paradise
Eternally they'll range.

There, verily, mortality
Is swallowed up of life;
The soul, unclothed and stainless
From garb of earthly strife,
Puts on the saint's new costume—
The righteous robe that's given
Of Christ, and wrought completely
To clothe his own for heaven.

Love hath prepared a banquet
Where every welcomed guest
In her heaven-chosen livery
They are adorned and dressed;
He evermore presideth—
Our Saviour, King and Lord—
At the feast, the marriage supper,
His own self-plenished board.

The new wine of the kingdom,
From bowls of God's design,
Filled unto overflowing
From heaven's immortal vine,
They drink—and drink unthirsting—
And ask not for supplies;
For the vintage faileth never
Within those upper skies.

The palm-branch there of victory
Triumphant—ever-green—
That speaks of perfect conquest
O'er sin and death, is seen
Waving in confirmation
From every victor's hand,
And the olive withers never
In heavenly Canaan's land.

The tempest-tossed sad mariner
Of life's perturbed main,
The night-watch cry of breakers
Shall never hear again ;
No wave or angry billow
His trembling bark assail,
For he's moor'd—he's safely anchored—
Where storms they ne'er prevail.

That safe—that blissful harbor—
That calm untroubled sea—
To every weary voyager
Is free—divinely free ;
And from the sheltered haven
The life-boat greets the view
Of all that looketh God-ward
When dark waters struggling through.

From every tribe and kingdom
 These heavenly worthies came,
 Led safely through the wilderness,
 They conquered in the name
 Of the Captain of salvation—
 Great Prince of peace—and now
 A never-fading diadem
 Adorns each joyful brow.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCRIPTURE WORTHIES.

The Apostolic company
 In heaven their seats were shown
 In beatific nearness
 To the Eternal Throne.
 The walls of New Jerusalem,
 Where precious stones abound,
 Within their twelve foundations
 These chosen names are found :

There Matthew, James and Andrew,
 Philip and John, beloved,
 Thomas, and son of Alpheus,
 These called and blest—approved ;
 Saint Simon and Bartholomew,
 And Peter, named a rock ;
 There Thaddeus and Matthias,
 Ordained to feed the flock ;

Moses and Job and Joshua,
With the Hebrew children three,
Who at a monarch's bidding
Bowed not nor bent the knee;
That Shadrach and Abednego
And Meshech—they who trod
The burning, fiery furnace,
Led by the Son of God ;

Daniel—the much beloved—
Whose heaven-directed prayer
At eve, at morn, and mid-day,
Through Chaldea's heathen air,
As a cloud of holy incense
To the mighty God arose,
Fearless of death and danger,
Menaced by envious foes ;

Samuel, Abraham, and Noah—
Each a host of righteousness—
Called of God, in service valiant,
Heights in glory they possess ;
Heaven—its word—was found efficient
For their trust, their guide, their stay ;
Faith—her lamp, her hand—was equal
To begild and lead the way.

The princely Nehemiah,
Whose pure and noble breast
For desolated Zion
Was deeply, sorely pressed ;
Grieved for his kindred people,
Afflicted, lowly bowed,
While foes their exultations
Were haughty bold and loud ;

The walls of Babylonia
They witnessed to his tears ;
From weary, watchful fasting,
(While hope conflicts with fears)
To the royal hand with trembling
The kingly cup he gave,
As he breathed his supplication
To God the strong to save.

Speedily to his petition
Heaven respondeth—and with care
Babylon her king, his treasure
Proffers to his servant there ;—
Jerusalem, that sat lamenting,
Tearful, low upon the ground,
Riseth now from out her ruins,
Prayer the timely hand hath found.

That man of faith, Elijah,
He hath a mansion there ;
And the lone one of Zarephath,
Who dressed with trust and care
Once for the fainting stranger
Her last remain of bread,
When hope, and life, and joy,
Had all but gone and fled ;

Famine, with meagre visage,
In her abode was seen—
The fields, with smiling harvest,
They are no longer sheen ;
The wells, alas ! are failing,
The fountain-springs are dry ;
Despairing for the morrow,
She's at the point to die ;

The Infinite Compassionate
His word then magnified—
With flowing cruse unfailing
This hostess is supplied ;—
She finds her store replenished,
Her daily board is spread,
Shared with the aged seer—
And want her door hath fled.

And there a goodly number
By sovereign grace reserved,
Whose knee bent not to Baal,
The heathen god they served—
They of the house of Israel,
Lured by the snare, the guise,
Of the sprite of dark idolatry—
The prince of death, of lies.

Jacob, and Hezekiah,
And Esther will be there,
Who moved the arm Omnipotent
By ardent, wrestling prayer;
When hosts of death and danger
They stood revealed to view,
To the seat of sovereign mercy
With trembling haste they flew.

Jacob, the care-worn Patriarch,
By Heaven's supreme command,
Is on his homeward journey
To his loved, his Fatherland,
When lo! with war-like bearing,
A threat'ning band appears,
Led by fraternal hatred,
The garnered wrath of years.

Darkness, with sable curtain,
Hath veiled the midnight sky—
The earth, in silent apathy,
Reveals no helper nigh;
Left with his faith, his fears,
And with his God alone,
He tests, with ardent struggling,
The promise of the Throne.

Truth, with her memorial tablet,
Comes at morn's first breaking hour,
Record makes for all the fearful
Of the prevalence and power
Of faith and prayer,
When the suppliant soul on high,
With the heart entire and spirit,
Sends the eager, trustful cry.

Blessed of God—surnamed of Heaven
Israel—he'll yield to fear
Not if on the dreaded morrow
Strife and war they venture near.
Blessed of God! a brother's tears
Mingled with the drops he shed;
Tenderness and kind embraces
Told that all but love had fled.

The haughty Syrian tyrant,
Blasphemous, proud, and bold,
That many lands and nations
His sword had long controlled ;
The Lord—Lord God omnipotent,
Ruler of earth and skies,
The God of Hezekiah—
This idolator defies.

The impious aggressor
His banner broad, profane,
Waves at the very threshold ;
To-morrow he may stain
(Unbid of Heaven) the hearth-stone,
The altar and the ground.
Oh, the bitter cup of trembling !
'Tis passing round and round.

Sad Judah ! now her nobles
In sackcloth they appear ;
Her king, her priests, and princes,
Their robes have rent ; and Fear,
Her chilly wand, ungracious,
On every heart is laid ;
And the daughters of Jerusalem
Their seats in dust have made.

Heaven-serving Hezekiah
To the holy Fane repairs ;
Before the seat of Mercy
He spreads the nation's cares.
With prayer and supplication
For help divine appeals ;
And the Infinite—Eternal—
A timely arm reveals.

'Tis night ; and the invader's
Battalions are at rest—
The strength of Great Jehovah
They're marshalled for to test ;
Heaven's angel of stern judgment
The threatening camp swept o'er,
And the legions of Sennacherib
They live, they live no more !

Esther, her heavenward piety
And truth, they shone more sheen
Than that empyreal diadem
That made her Persia's Queen ;
As stars amid the darkness
Of idolatry's thick night,
They stood unawed, reflecting
A lucid, saving light.

Daughter of captive Israel,
She weeps her people's grief ;
To the Lord—the Lord Jehovah—
First looketh for relief ;
Wrath, envy, and idolatry,
A ruthless, fearful band,
The life of her loved kindred
Most madly they demand.

'Tis set, the kingly signet,
The Mede and Persian seal,
Unyielding as the adamant,
Decreed the Hebrew's weal ;
The land is filled with mourning,
The loud, unceasing cry
Of grief and lamentation,
It reacheth to the sky.

Despair, her leaden mantle,
She comes to fold, to spread
Around the lonely sorrowing
That peace and hope hath fled ;
Decrees of Medo-Persians,
By tyranny when given,
By pity, bribe, or justice,
Their clasp may not be riven.

Esther, as chose of mercy
The oppressed now to lead,
Children and heirs of Abraham
She calls with her to plead ;
With God the covenant keeping,
Their Father, King, and Friend,
Her faith took hold on Heaven—
Heaven did deliverance send.

Enoch, Joseph, and Josiah,
Spirits choice when known to earth,
(Names to live in sacred story,
Heaven alone may speak their worth) ;
From these lower vales of evil,
Death, and sin, and grief, and care,
These, the Lord, when tried, accepted,
Welcomed to his presence there.

Enoch, here of truth begirded,
Walked with God in holy fear,
Grace divine forbade the tyrant,
Death, his form to venture near ;
Yesterday—to-day—forever,
The Almighty One the same,
Looking on his self-found ransom,
Took him, for his sake, his name.

Joseph, who the bitterest hatred
Recompensed with love so pure,
Met with chaste, unbending virtue,
Guilty passion's deadly lure ;
Who, in Egypt's perjured prison,
Bore the fetters' stern control,
Till the crude, the barbed iron,
Wounded deep his truthful soul.

Zealous king, the young Josiah,
Prince of Judah's royal line,
Deferent to the spirit-teaching
Of *The Book*—the law divine—
Summoned people, priests, and prophets,
New to covenant with the Lord,
And to scribe his name to honor,
Pledge to his commands his word.

Judgment's righteous sword and scepter,
When they filled his useful hand,
Dark idolatry her altars
Place had not in Judea's land ;
Institutes, divine and ancient,
Reassume their justful place ;
God accepts the free oblations,
On the nation showers his grace.

Enos there with his compeers,
First assemblage, as we read,
That upon the Name Eternal
Called—His grace, His care to plead ;
These by spirit breath illumined,
Built bowers for prayer and praise,
Now where faith is lost in vision,
Life and love inspire their lays.

Saint Paul, the great Apostle,
His crown is there put on,
The coronal of victory
Which valiantly he won ;
In hope of life eternal
He watched, and fought, and died,
With faith's efficient armor
Girt by his war-worn side.

And when the mighty champion
Of the gospel, of the cross,
Who earth her riches, honors,
Counted as dust, as dross,
His mission-course had finished
(He knew to die were gain),
Then he joined the martyr army
On Heaven's triumphant plain.

There David, the sweet Psalmist,
Whose harp of thrilling lays,
It wearied here not ever
In God's most worthy praise,
Has joined the raptured choir,
And there no plaintive line
Discords the glorious melody,
Supernal song divine.

Elizabeth and Hannah,
And Phœbe will be found
There with the shining company,
Where joys supreme abound ;
Hannah that brought her Samuel,
Thank-offering lovely, fair,
And with God the Giver left him,
To remain forever there.

Elizabeth, the righteous,
Whose walk, secure from blame,
A long enduring halo
Hath cast around her name ;
The pen of inspiration,
On its most holy page,
Records her high ensample
For each ensuing age.

And the venerated Lois,
Whose faith and love, unfeigned,
With Eunice and with Timothy,
Her children, early gained
Such honourous memorial,
As pupils who acquired
The saving scripture knowledge,
Of the Book of Books inspired.

With that ancient, honored handmaid
Of God, that led with song
The daughters glad of Israel—
Triumphant, joyful throng!—
The long-remembered Miriam,
The prophetess whose feet
The banks of Heaven's deliverance
Were favored first to greet.

With consecrated timbrels
Heaven's wonders they rehearse,
Speak forth the glorious praises
In most exalted verse
Of the Lord their strength, Redeemer,
Whose arm was bared to save;
That o'er the foes of freedom
Thus timely sent the wave.

And that queen of song,
That mother in Israel that rose,
That Deborah immortal
Who the defiant foes
Of her nation, long despondent,
Led with the trusty sword
Of the Lord, the great Deliverer—
His never-failing word.

Phebe, who the Church Cenchrean
Served with such untiring care,
And her board in loving-kindness
Spread for fainting ones to share;
Who with hands of timely succor
Ready stood to cheer, and blessed
Such as want or persecution,
Grief or sorrow, there oppressed.

And the Thyatirian Lydia,
That by Macedonia's wave
Met the messengers of Jesus,
Found the word to heal, to save.
Strong in faith, her pious spirit
Dedicates her all to Heaven;
And to house the wrongful prisoned
Her protecting roof was given.

The well of life immortal,
They shall unceasing share,
With every child of Mercy
That gave with Christian care,
In name, for sake of Jesus,
The needful alms—the draught—
If but one cup of water
That thirsty lips may have quaffed.

With the Marys who the Crucified
Sought at the early tomb,
And would with costly spicery
The sepulchre perfume ;
Who by the cross of Calvary,
Deep sorrowing, lingered last,
In soul-dissolving tenderness,
Till his agony was past.

And with Mary, too, of Bethany,
That chose the better part,
The knowledge of Christ—of his love—
And sat at his feet in fullness of heart ;
That hung on his lips
Till his life-giving word
Her spirit entranced
Till her soul to its center was stirred.

Mary the "highly favored,"
Whose purely virgin breast
The holy infant Jesus
With love and wonder pressed ;
Mother of the humanity
Of Christ the Lord, who came,
Sent of the Eternal Father
Salvation to proclaim.

To heal the broken-hearted,
The prisoner to release,
To preach the gracious gospel
To the poor, this Prince of Peace
(Of the Everlasting Father),
God's co-eternal Son,
Of man the form and fashion
He meekly here put on.

That heart of hearts maternal,
That soul received the sword,
The spear, the ruthless weapon
That pierced her son—our Lord—
When earth its rocks were rended,
And darkness veiled the skies ;
When he atonement finished
By vicarious sacrifice.

Daughter of God, blest Mary,
By grief unique here pressed,
In heaven, the highest heaven,
Her sorrows are redressed ;
Of its store of boundless joy
She'll forever there partake,
With all that watched, and labored,
And wept, for Jesus' sake.

Naomi, Ruth, and Huldah,
And Anna there appear,
Attired in kindred costume,
Though once of varied sphere.
Ages remote their stories
Of earth and time divide,
Now hand in hand they're ranging
The fields of bliss heaven wide.

That stricken one, Naomi,
And the Moabitess Ruth,
Her tender widowed daughter,
Whose filial love and truth
Her heathen gods and people
In cheerful hope resigned,
To trust the God of Israel,
A home and heaven to find.

The noble, queen-like Huldah,
That medium of the word
Of truth divine—of judgment—
Of God—that deeply stirred
That long revolted nation
To penitence and prayer—
A once heaven-fearing people,
The Lord's peculiar care.

Anna, daughter of Phanuel,
Blest of God and sanctified,
One who long her home, her dwelling,
Made his altar mere—beside
Tarrying hopeful, watchful, waiting
Till the promised Shiloh came ;
Favored first to see redemption,
First the Saviour to proclaim.

Dorcas, and every sister
Of sweet charity, that blessed,
In earth's lone vales of sorrow,
The aggrieved, the sick, the oppressed ;
The bread that on the waters
They cast with tender care,
In heaven they find it garnered,
For each a worthy share.

The Baptist, honored messenger,
The Mighty to proclaim,
Ordained to preach repentance
With mention of his name.
The nations who will sprinkle
Not from the typic flood,
But with spirit-drops of mercy—
Price of his precious blood.

Here Prophecy, no greater
Of names adorns her page
All through the ancient era
Of seers and of sage;
High and more high beatitude
Will fill his spacious soul,
While the cycles of eternity
They onward, onward roll.

Devout and ancient Simeon,
Whose long-expectant sight
Beheld the Lord's salvation,
The Christ, the risen light,
When the infant Mediator
His eager arms had pressed,
He craved a speedy passport
To heaven—to life—to rest.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Jesus to favored Tabor
A chosen few he led,
For high commune with heaven
He prays—its light is shed ;
A flood of immortality
Adorns his form—his face ;
A cloud—Divine Shekinah—
It sanctifies the place.

While Moses and Elias
In glory they appear,
The habitants of heaven
In secret counsel here
With the Son, the well-beloved,
Of God, the only wise ;
E'en here the earth and earthly
Are blending with the skies.

Moses, the given minister
Of the Law so perfect, pure,
Strict, holy and unyielding,
A tablet to endure ;
Word of the Lord Almighty
That may not pass away,
Though earth, all things created,
They perish and decay.

Elias, representative
Of prophecy, whose word
Pillars of death and darkness
Long mightily hath stirred ;
Whose voice of heavenly numbers
Hath pierced so oft the gloom
That would the soul have curtained
As by the hopeless tomb.

An apostolic triad
In waiting for the hour
When from the cross—the sepulchre—
In resurrection power—
The Christ, Jesus the Saviour,
Shall their commission seal,
The knowledge of redemption,
To bear—to preach—reveal.

Justice divine and mercy,
Their envoys there appear,
The o'ershadowing cloud of glory
Its brightness thrills with fear
The faithful, loved disciples,
Though fain they'd tarry there,
And for each a tabernacle
Would hasten to prepare.

Lo ! I am with you alway,
Thus saith the sinner's friend,
Lo ! I am with you alway,
E'en until time shall end ;
Go, break the bread of heaven,
My flock to bless, to feed—
Go, sow beside all waters
Of truth the holy seed.

Go with the gospel proffer
Of grace, of life, of heaven,
Proclaim my free salvation,
They shall be saved, be shriven ;
All, every true believer,
Baptized in spirit here,
In resurrection beauty,
In glory shall appear.

For my beloved a mansion
In heaven I will prepare,
And I'll come and will receive you
To dwell forever there ;—
I will not leave you comfortless,
To you I soon will send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
A long abiding friend.

The leaves, they never wither
On heaven's life-giving tree,
For healing of the nations
They're sovereign and they're free ;
Love's aroma exhaling
To meet the soul's desire,
The air, the breath of paradise,
They permeate entire.

Eternity! Eternity
Is equal but to prove
The length, the breadth, the fullness
Of God's inherent love!
Himself the spring, the fountain,
Its hight and depth is known
But unto him that shareth
The Father's heavenly throne.

For that vast, that swelling ocean,
No measurement is found
To tell of its expansion—
It hath not shore or bound.
Oh! love divine, the portion,
And of ransomed ones the song,
Thou hast the harps of heaven
Strung for the blood-bought throng.

In heaven our dear departed
They watch and wait to greet
From earth the new-fledged spirits
That raptured fly to meet
The welcome soul inspiring,
Where union's lasting ties,
The hand so dread and weighty
Of death shall not surprise.

Oh no ! they are not severed
The cords so closely wound,
The heart of pure affection
In sacred bands around.
The plants of heavenly german,
They were not set to pine,
But in new soil transplanted
To flourish, grow and shine.

The flowers of passing beauty
That love parental gave,
All faded, crushed and blighted
To cold, untimely grave,
There by the living water
Again they sweetly bloom,
Oh in heaven ! we learn in heaven
There's known no fearful tomb !

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTIAN'S HERITAGE.

A home, "sweet home," is heaven,
And from its lasting store
Now copious showers of manna
Fall by the pilgrim's door ;
Ready prepared of mercy,
A daily rich supply
That hungry gath'ring spirits
May find a portion nigh.

Heaven is revealed a heritage,
'Tis Christian's by bequest,
He'll meet not there one claimant
His title to protest ;
'Tis fadeless, incorruptible,
Of God had in reserve
For all the washed, the sanctified,
Who Christ accept and serve.

The heavenward, home-bound traveler
Scarce heeds the stony way—
'Tis here and there a way-mark
Forbids his steps to stray.
While pressing onward, upward,
He hath by faith a share
Of that bread of life unfailing,
Free and abundant there.

And when his adversary
 His path would fain obscure,
 On wings of heavenly kindness
 To lead, to guide, to assure,
 Some angel-minist'ring spirit
 With speed of thought then flies
 And stays the faint and trembling
 To struggle for the prize.

He shall not walk in darkness,
 Though sin and foes malign,
 His march for to bewilder
 Their forces all combine.
 His face is set for Zion,
 And from that heavenly hill
 The rays are all-sufficient
 The King's highway to fill.

He hath for shield and buckler
 A way what shall not pass;
 'T will ward the pointed arrows,
 Yield not with steel or brass—
 'Tis Truth, the truth of heaven,
 It will his trust abide
 Until his last stern conflict
 By Jordan's swelling tide.

And should that fearful river
Appal his heart, his sight,
Athwart the nearing billows
Beams forth most cheering light
From the shining coast of Canaan,
That land of heavenly rest,
While he finds his dying pillow
His loving Saviour's breast.

'Tis going fast, receding,
Earth's unpropitious shore,
Its griefs, its frowns, its snares,
Are Christian's now no more.
Hark ! hark ! a gentle whisper
By that low, passing breath :
"I hear the harps of Heaven ;
Can this, can this be death !"

Joy ! joy ! to be delivered
From earth, from throbbing clay ;
Angels their waiting pinions
Have spread, have borne away
The soul, free and triumphant,
Where no dark surge may come,
Safe to the bower eternal—
To God, to heaven, his home.

A more than mortal presence
There rests amid the gloom
Of death's cold, darkened chamber,
The hushed, the silent room
Where rests our dear lamented ;
We weep, then smile to trace
An impress set of heaven
On the beloved face.

There comes sweet, sacred memories
Of Christ, the words he spoke
Of his most precious promises
Which never may be broke :
"I am the resurrection
And life ; I'll come again—
Will to myself receive you
With me in heaven to reign."

That envoy sent of mercy,
The messenger that came,
The saint's discharge from bondage
To witness, to proclaim—
The watchful, waiting prisoner,
Of hope for to release—
Through the abode of mourning,
Breathed balm of heavenly peace.

Faith, her ears attuned of heaven,
Catch the welcome notes sublime :
Welcome home ! welcome, thrice welcome !
Echoed round the blissful clime ;
Words of love, of rapturous greeting,
Language of that kingdom bright,—
All but sees with sense of vision
The departed's robe of white.

Mantled, all bedecked, attired
In that righteousness complete,
Wrought of Christ, he finds it ready
For eternal rest his seat.
There no voice, no hand invasive,
Shall disturb his gladsome place ;
Not one cloud shall pass between him
And his dear Redeemer's face.

There forever and forever
May he unforbidden gaze ;
There employ his harp all golden
To repeat the Saviour's praise.
Listening, learning, loving, feasting,
At the banquet drinking free,
Where there's room and cups o'erflowing,
Unbeliever, waiting thee.

Yes, for all the lost, the fallen,
Each and every child of sin,
There's a kingdom, crown and heaven
For the willing soul to win.
Armor, all-efficient weapons,
Tempered equal for the field,
And the Son of God, the leader,
His own hand thy head shall shield.

Tarry not, fly ! seek the covert
Of that Rock that will not fail ;
Speed thee on, on to the mountain !
Dangers thick beset the vale.
Hope, and life, and peace, and heaven,
Every traveler hath found,
Who, to seek the better country,
Left the world's enchanted ground.

Joy is there enhanced in heaven,
When with undivided heart,
Won by Holy Spirit whispers,
Sinners penitent they part.
Glad from every faithless refuge,
Bringing cares and doubts and fear,
And the seat of sovereign mercy
With their burthens venture near.

THE EVERLASTING GOD.

“ Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.”

Earth, with all she now may boast,
Honor, beauty, gold, or name;
Though her scenes are flat’ring, gay,
Soon must perish, pass away.

Mammon with his gorgeous towers,
Nations with their pride and powers,
They must know how time can bring
Consternation on his wing.

Music with its wondrous charms,
Pleasure with bewildering arms,
Every plant and tree and flower
Fades in her low, transient bower.

Desolation soon shall smile
On the ruin, funereal pile,
Tomb of this terrestrial ball,
Wrap’d in dark oblivion’s pall.

But forever, evermore,
Christ, the Life, the Way, the Door,
Lives, the God of truth and grace,
In the Holy, Holy Place.

Where he entered with his blood,
Covenanted with our God,
Once for sin atonement given—
Off'ring for our peace, and heavēn.

Lamb of God, He that was slain
E'er foundation yet was lain
Base for this the world so wide,
He the fount of life supplied.

Then the counsel of the skies
Heavenly wisdom did devise
For yet uncreated man,
Love's most holy, glorious plan.

To redeem and save with care
Him who should the livery wear
Of the high immortal coast
When by Satan led and lost.

God, before whose eye and throne
Time no measurement hath shown,
He with one unbounded view
Looks Eternal Ages through.

And in his omniscient sight
Countless years are as the flight
Of the fleeting hour, the day,
Minute sands that will not stay.

Everlasting as that throne
His salvation shall be known ;
Earth and heavens may pass away,
But his word it never may.

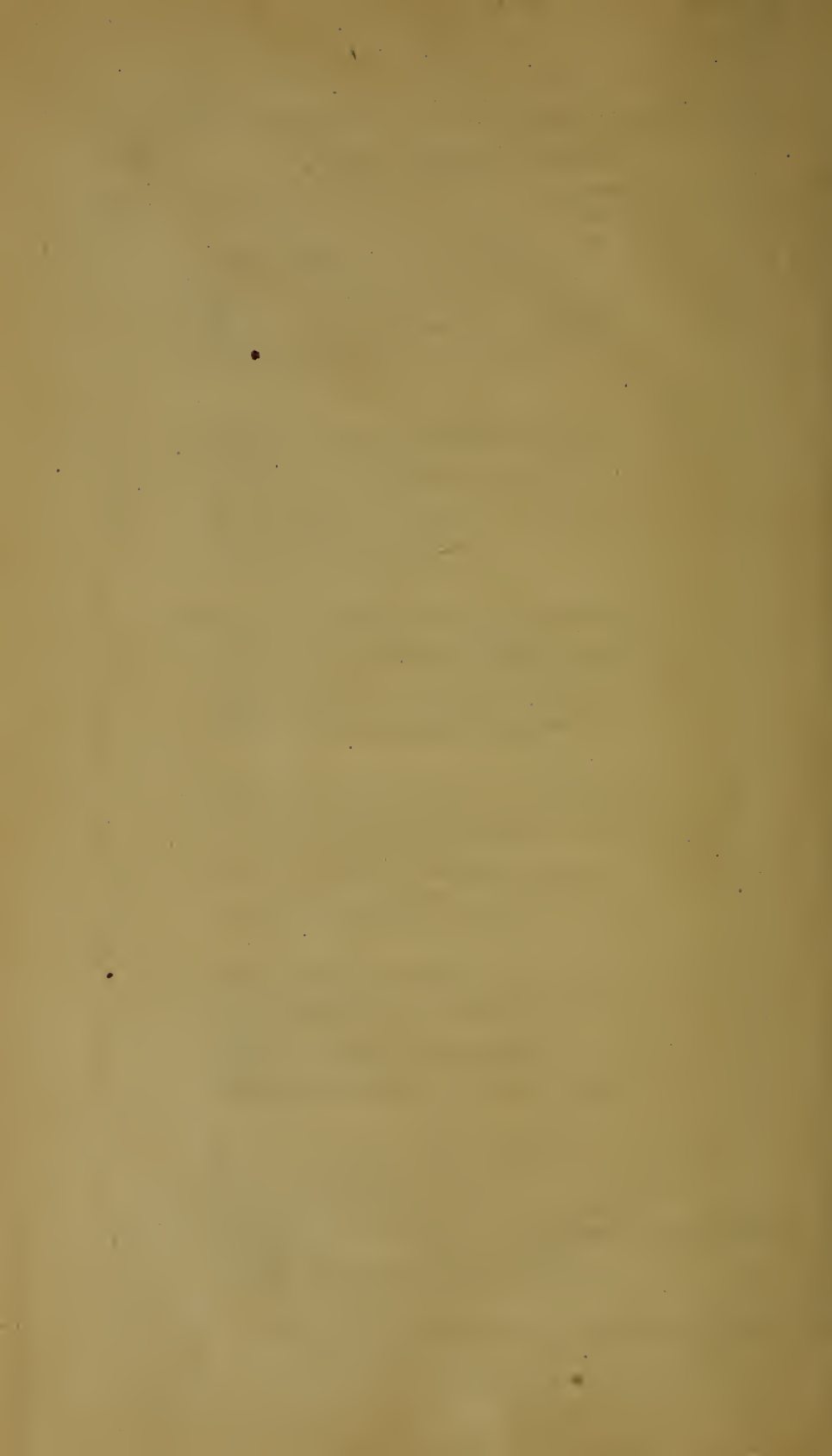
Blessed words of truth he spake
For his own beloved's sake :
You a home, a mansion there,
I am going to prepare.

There on heaven's eternal ground,
Where no withering blight is found,
Death and sin have never seen
The unfading pastures green.

Where your shepherd he will keep,
Lead his flock, his church, his sheep ;
There beside the waters pure
As the fount itself secure.

Saved, and sanctified, and blest,
Made partakers of that rest
That forever shall remain
Long as God himself shall reign.

He who gives us this abode
Is the Everlasting God ;
" Christian's " hope, and strength, and boast,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



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